

The Colored American

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Subscriptions may be sent by postoffice money order, express or by registered letter. All communications for publication should be accompanied with the name of the writer—not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

We solicit news, contributions, opinions and in fact, all matters affecting the race. We will not pay for matter, however, unless it is ordered by us. All matter intended for publication must reach this office by Wednesday of each week to insure insertion in the current issue.

Agents are wanted everywhere. Send or instructions.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1900.

A REAL, LIVE HERO.

There are heroes and heroes, but no chevalier stands higher in the admiration of the lovers of powerful government than one Joseph Merrill, sheriff of the obscure little town of Carrollton, Georgia.

What did he do? Not much, perhaps, in the eyes of those who rate heroes by the old time standards of leading great armies and taking magnificent cities. He simply did his sworn duty, and protected a prisoner intrusted to his care until the case could be disposed of by the final action of the legal authorities. The fact that the prisoner was black, and had been convicted of a heinous offense cut no figure in the philosophy of Merrill. His duty lay in safely holding the body of the man until called upon to deliver up to some other officer of the law. A mob, fearing that justice was about to miscarry or at least moved too slowly to suit the needs of the case, turned out to perform the usual lynching stint, expecting to find the sheriff the usual easy mark, with the usual bluff of resistance that wouldn't resist very strenuously. Here was where the mob reckoned without its host. Merrill, assisted by but two companions, took a determined stand against the surrender of the prisoner, and to hold the mob at bay, the use of fire-arms became necessary. One of the attacking party was killed outright, and others were severely wounded. Mobs are invariably cowardly, and the members speedily took to their heels after this onslaught. Merrill's act was that of a real, live hero—a hero whose attitude cannot be estimated at this brief remove from the Carrollton incident.

Here was a white man, placed by virtue of his office, in charge of a miserable Negro prisoner, of whose guilt there was but little doubt. Arrayed against him were the putative "best citizens" of the neighborhood—his friends, and perhaps relatives. To have yielded would have brought no discredit upon his valor, while resist-

ance might, and probably will, place him without the pale of local tolerance, and he might be compelled to surrender his office in answer to an adverse public sentiment. Duty called him, however, and he never flinched. He fought the good fight, and carried his point. What a splendid precedent has been established! What an ennobling example has been set for the conservators of law and order! What a shameful light has Merrill placed about the cowardly sheriffs who have heretofore been "powerless" to live up to their sworn duty!

The country needs more Sheriff Merrills. Let his tribe increase, and we shall soon see the last of the infamous blight of lynching, that is fast setting at naught our pretensions to being a Christian nation. Sheriff Merrill is a hero, every inch of him.

Nobody cares for the Negro as a Negro; but it is possible for the Negro to win the approval of the right-thinking people by giving evidence of character and capacity.

THERE IS LIGHT AHEAD.

The attitude of the Alabama Constitutional Convention is threatening to the future well-being of the Negro, and at first glance most of us have been inclined to give up hope for any consideration at the hands of its members. But a new light has been thrown upon the situation by a strong letter written to the convention by Ex-Governor Thomas G. Jones, opposing the disfranchisement of the black men, and giving excellent reasons therefor. The letter is published in the Montgomery Advertiser of June 4, and no better or stronger argument against disfranchisement, nullification and veiled fraud has ever been given to the public. As ex-Governor Jones is a potential factor in the convention and promises to lift up his voice along the lines indicated in his letter, it is evident that there are still reasons to hope for a favorable turn of events before the end of the session. Advices from observant men who have spent some time in Montgomery show light ahead, and things are not as bad as it was feared they might be. In our next issue, The Colored American will go into this matter more thoroughly, as it is to the highest importance to the race everywhere.

AN END TO THIRD TERM GOSSIP.

In promptly putting an end to the third term talk by a short, pointed and unequivocal declaration, President McKinley has again commended himself to the country as a patriot, a high-minded citizen, looking for nothing but the public good. The gossip as to his intention to aspire for the honor which Washington declined and which Grant was denied, was of inconsequential character at this time, but it would have grown to a point where the national policies might have been misconstrued and our success in dealing with some important problems might have been seriously endangered. Mr. McKinley has set all speculation at rest, and the country can go on, striving to adjust its difficulties, unhampered by spooks and goblins of imperial ambitions. The presidential field is now wide open, and the aspirants are free to rally their forces for 1904. President McKinley has done wisely in so frankly declaring his position.

Set it down in your memorandum that the Hon. Binger Herrmann will remain at the head of the General Land Office,

Third term talk is "hot air."

After, all, the Negro is sometimes given the benefit of a doubt. At Roanoke, Va., the other day, the dead body of a man was found in a pool of water. The remains were in such deplorable condition that it was a question whether the corpse was that of a white or a colored man. The coroner guessed colored, the undertaker guessed white. The coroner compromised the matter by giving the weight of evidence to the Negro side and ordered the burial of the body in the colored cemetery. It will be interesting to know what some people will do when they find black folks in heaven.

Booker T. Washington's ringing address to the Alabama constitutional convention was sufficient reply to all the critics who try to gain notoriety by barking at his heels. His address was the manly appeal of a tribune, pleading for a people, struggling beneath the wheels of the deadly juggernaut of American prejudice. It was a masterly effort, and will not be without benefit in the days that are to come.

It would seem that civilization and liberty have ceased to be running mates.

The Sunday Globe is a "warm member," but it may do good if it succeeds in calling attention to some of the palpable abuses that have been perpetrated without rebuke for several years in the executive departments. Officials are careful when they know that a keen-witted newspaper man is after them—and well they may be.

Senator Foraker is being tried over the presidential course, and his trainers say he shows up well, and can safely be played for a place. Somehow Mr. Henry Y. Arnett always pricks up his ears when the name of the senior Ohio Senator is mentioned in this connection.

Courageous men do not stop at vile innuendo. They file specific charges.

Prof. Kelly Miller is a thinker, and the meed of appreciation he is receiving at the hands of the best elements of this cosmopolitan municipality, indicates that public spirit and the high purpose of giving honor while the soul is here to receive it, are not dead issues in the true Afro-American.

No man in this community has grown more rapidly in popular favor the past three years than Prof. W. H. Richards, of Howard University's law department. There is something good in store for him, because real merit cannot long go unrewarded.

With all deference to those who those who come within the purview of our remark, the man who is opposed to the opening of libraries and art galleries on the Sabbath day is invariably a crank.

The pigmies of the Harrisburg conference who went out of their way to attack Booker T. Washington succeeded—in advertising their own asininity and unspeakable narrowness in mental scope.

Our cartoon in last week's issue, illustrating the relative sizes of Booker T. Washington and his detractors, has been warmly praised in all quarters.

Preachers who meddle with things that do not concern the business of saving souls invariably get into trouble. The wise shoemaker sticks to his last.

The National Afro-American Council needs a national organizer. How about it, Messrs. Walters, Fortune, White, Lawson and others?

And after all it was Martinelli who got the red hat.

Speaking of the new creeds and new churches, wouldn't Justice Harlan make a hit in a congregation of grand old "dissenters"?

Booker T. Washington didn't really need the advertisement the Harrisburg convention of preachers forced upon him.

Political, social and religious assassins are invariably cowards.

The personal tax law will be repealed as it should be. It is unsuited to the needs of the District of Columbia.

Secretary Cortelyou would look well with his nether extremities resting comfortably beneath the Cabinet table.

Those who are in the right never lack for courage.

There is a feeling that Justice Harlan would make a rattling good president.

The Colored High School.

The commencement exercises of the colored high school took place at the Columbia theatre last Thursday night, June 18th, before a large and representative audience. The class was a large one and many bright young men and women received their diplomas. Mrs. John R. Francis, the school commissioner, presided. The address was delivered by Prof. Kelly Miller in his own inimitable style, while the remarks by commissioner McFarland were interspersed with wit and wisdom. Prof. Robert H. Terrell is to be congratulated upon the most excellent showing of his class and the manner in which the exercises were carried out. The Empire orchestra, Mr. Alexander Sewell manager, rendered music at intervals during the exercises.

Notice to Baltimore Subscribers.

Mr. F. F. Jonsson of 690 Mulberry street, Baltimore, Md., who was some weeks ago appointed to collect bills and represent The Colored American is no longer connected with the paper in any way and the public is warned against paying him any monies or showing him any courtesies on account of The Colored American.

The Bachelor-Benedict Club held its regular annual meeting at the residence of Mr. H. Y. Arnett, its retiring president. After the transaction of regular business and the election of four new members, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Dr. A. M. Dumas, Vice-President Wm. L. Houston, Secretary George Benjamin, Treasurer Wm. H. Harrison, chairman governing board, W. P. Napper, chairman committee on entertainment H. Y. Arnett, chairman committee on membership W. T. S. Jackson.